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## ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WAR-SPIRIT.—No. 1.

There were many French residents in Valencia; the abominable conduct of their government towards Spain had made them objects of hatred as well as suspicion, and at the beginning of the disturbances most of them very imprudently took refuge in the citadel. Calvo (this wretch P. Baltasar Calvo, was canon of the church of St. Isidro at Madrid) denounced them to the mob as being in correspondence with Murat and the French troops, for the purpose of betraying the city. The Junta had no military force at their command, and they were too much confused or intimidated to employ that moral force which, with due exertions on the part of the magistracy, may generally be brought into action. The British consul (Mr. Tupper) was one of their number; he represented to the French the imminent danger to which they were exposed, while they remained there, collected, as it were, for slaughter; and instructed them to retire into the different convents, and name such of the inhabitants as they supposed would be willing and able to associate for their protection. But thinking themselves safer where they were, they would not be persuaded. By this time the canon had collected instruments enough for his bloody purpose; in a large city ruffians will never be wanting, till the police of cities, and the moral condition of the inferior classes, be very different from what they are throughout Christendom; and that he might have sure subjects at his command, he had opened the prisons, and let their inmates loose. On the 5th of June, when the evening was closing, Calvo led his rabble to the citadel, and forced some friars to accompany them. Little resistance was made by the guard; the Frenchmen were led out one by one into an apartment, to be confessed by the friars like condemned criminals, then thrust out by some of these infatuated and infuriated wretches, felled with bludgeons, and dispatched by the knife.

When the Junta heard that this horrible massacre was going on, they called out the monks and friars, and sent them to the scene of slaughter, carrying the host uncovered, and with lighted tapers chanting as they went. At that sight the wretches ceased from their murderous work; and, smeared as they were with blood, knelt by the bodies of their dead and dying victims in adoration. But Calvo, more obdurate than the very murderers whom he directed, called on them to complete what they had begun; he intimated to the religioners, that if they interposed on behalf of the French, they should be considered as accomplices with them, and partake their fate; and they, intimidated by the threat, and appalled by the dreadful objects before them, withdrew. The massacre continued all night, a hundred and seventy-one persons were butchered; and when the day broke, it was perceived that some ten or twelve of these victims were still breathing. The effect which this produced upon the murderers shows how certain it is that the religioners would have softened them, had there been a man among them with the spirit of a martyr. Struck with compassion, and without making their intentions known to Calvo, as if they knew him to be immittigable, they removed these poor sufferers to the hospital, and assisted in binding up the wounds which they had made. There still remained about 150 French in the citadel; the mob, satiated with blood, and now open to feelings of humanity, determined upon sparing them, and removing them to a place of safety. The canon consented to this, which it might have been dangerous to oppose; but his lust for blood was still unsated. He ordered all the French to be confessed before they left the citadel; then fastened two by two with ropes, and marched them toward the place appointed. On the way he halted the mob, and holding up a paper, declared that it had been found in the pocket of one of the Frenchmen, and that it contained an engagement on the part of his countrymen in that city to deliver it up as soon as an enemy should appear before it. The multitude, with whom bold assertions, if according with their passions or

prejudices, always pass for proofs, believed this preposterous charge; and, with renewed ferocity, falling upon the remnant, whom they had resolved to spare, massacred them all. Calvo then led them to the houses of the French, in search of those who had remained at home, when the greater number took shelter in the citadel; these also were dragged from their hiding-places, and in the same deliberate manner confessed and butchered.

**PEACE PRINCIPLE IN CONTRAST.**—One circumstance alone occurred, which may relieve the horror of this dreadful narrative. M. Pierre Bergiere had acquired a large fortune in Valencia, and was remarkable for his singular charity. It was not enough for him to assist the poor, and the sick, and the prisoner, with continued alms; he visited them, and ministered to their wants himself, in the sick room and in the dungeon. Yet his well-known virtues did not exempt him from the general proscription of his countrymen, and he, too, having been confessed and absolved, was thrust out to the murderers. The wretch, who was about to strike him, was one whom he had frequently relieved in prison, and upon recognizing him withheld his arm; calling, however, to mind that Bergiere was a Frenchman, he raised it again; but his heart again smote him, and saying, “art thou a devil or a saint that I cannot kill thee?” he pulled him through the crowd, and made way for his escape.

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#### NATURE AND POWER OF THE PEACE PRINCIPLE.—No. 3.

##### THE SLAVE AND THE ENSLAVER.

Every one has read of the slave-trade; but none can fully conceive its atrocities and horrors either in the middle passage across the Atlantic, or on the coast of Africa. The chief business of its petty tribes, it sends terror far into the interior, and keeps its inhabitants in ceaseless anxiety or alarm. They hunt each other as they would birds or beasts. There is no security day or night for young or old, male or female, low or high. The husband with his wife, the mother with her babe, the prince with his followers, are seized without distinction or mercy, and sold for a song into hopeless bondage on a distant, unknown continent. For a little rum, or tobacco, or a few dazzling but worthless trinkets, they wage almost incessant war to obtain victims for the slave-market. They prowl by night, lurk in ambush by day, and often set fire to whole villages in the hope of seizing the terrified fugitives.

To such means of deception and violence, Ameer fell a prey in early life. The oldest son of a petty prince in Africa, he was the hope of his father and the idol of his mother; but the destroyer came, and in one hour dashed their fondest hopes. The chief of a neighboring tribe surrounded them by night, fired their village, and, by the light of its flames, either hewed down its panic-stricken dwellers, or seized and bound them for the slave-market. Ameer, waked by the yells of the invaders, saw his father, while in the act of a determined resistance, pierced through the heart by Karmuk, their leader, and his mother, with all her children, manacled, and driven away to the dealers in human flesh.

Ameer was only twelve years old at the time; but the scene and the man were too deeply imprinted on his memory, ever to be forgotten. He survived the hardships of his passage across the broad waters, and became a slave in the West Indies; but no lapse of years could efface or dim the recollection of that fatal night. Its scenes of fire and blood remained as fresh and vivid as the events of yesterday. He became at length a Christian; but keenly did he still feel his wrongs, and dwell in sad yet fond remembrance on the days of his childhood before the destroyer came. That destroyer he had learned in the school of Christ to forgive; but he could never forget the injuries he had done, nor banish his image from his mind.

Years rolled on; and Ameer, capable and faithful, rose so high in his